Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name a Tailor cal'st thou this?
Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Goe hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a pupper of thee.
Tail. She saies your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her.
Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.
Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.
Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.
Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred.
Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.
Tail. I haue.
Gru. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd many men, braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say vnto thee, I bid thy Master

Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces; Ergo thou liest.
Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testifie.
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.
Tail. Inprimis a loose bodied gowne.
Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the Skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I said a gowne.
Pet. Proceede.
Tail. With a small compast cape.
Gru. I confesse the cape.
Tail. With a trunke sleeue.
Gru. I confesse two sleeues.
Tail. The sleeues curiously cut.
Pet. I there's the villainie.
Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy litle finger be armed in a thimble.
Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.
Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meate-yard, and spare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he shall haue no oddes.
Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.
Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.
Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse gowne for thy masters vse.
Pet. Why sir what's your conceit in that?
Gre. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke for:
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide.
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.
Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*
Pet. Well come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.27) Octavo